THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, January 13, 1806.

Narrative of the Murder of the Duc d'Enghein, in 1804.

By Mr. Redhead Yorke.

AT this period the French royalists cherished the vain persuasion that the debasement of the republic, which had been uniformly pursued by Bonaparte since his appointment to the consulate, was merely a measure preparatory to the return of the Bourbons, and that he would restore Louis, as Monk had done Charles II. It was now thought to be the proper time to undeceive these men, and nothing was judged so likely to effect this purpose, as the striking of a blow, which should at once dispel those dreams, and draw an eternal line of separation besween the house of Bourbon and the house of the usurper. The French government knew that the towns on the right side of the Rhine, were inhabited by French emigrants, who, from disinclination, or inability to obtain permission, to return into France, chose to dwell upon its borders. In one of these towns belonging to the margrave of Baden, the duke of Enghein (grandson of the venerable prince of Condé) resided in a chateau, which was formerly the property of the cardinal of Rohan. To enter the territory of a neutral power, to seize upon the prince at his dwelling, and at the same time, to surprise the town of Offenburg, and arrest several of the emigrants who resided there, was an affair which occupied a few hours only. The expedition, conducted by an aid-de-camp of the consul, Colincourt, a man of a distinguished family under the old government, (and who was selected on that account) left Strasburg at 10 o'clock at night, accompanied by a courier, who was the bearer of a letter to the margrave of Baden, requesting permission for the entry of the troops into his territory. As the ex-

pedition, which consisted of horsemen, travelled as fast as the courier, and Ettingheim was only a fifth part of the distance of Carlsruhe from Strasburgh, it may be easily conceived, that it arrived first to the place of its destination.

When the duke, awakened by the entry of the soldiers, learnt the cause of their unexpected visit, and found himself arrested, by the order of Bonaparte, as the accomplice of assassins in the pay of the English government, he replied with indignation, that he did not understand what that insult meant. Upon the accusation being repeated to him, he answered with still greater warmth, that, if he ever sought to overturn the French government, it would be with his sword, but that the business of an assassin was as little familiar to him, as to the person who had thus unjustly ordered his arrest. This excellent young prince forgot at the moment how low he rated his own moral feelings, by placing them on a level with those of Bonaparte. His papers were seized and examined, but there was not a line which gave the slightest indication of any correspondence or connection with the person who had been arrested at Paris. The conviction of those who arrested him, and particularly of Colincourt himself (as he has since repeatedly asserted) was, that the duke was perfectly innocent of the charge alledged against him. The order however, for conveying him to France was put into execution, and early the same morning on which he was arrested, he was lodged in the citadel of Strasburg.

This violation of a foreign, neutral territory, without leave obtained, or previous notice given, was regarded as a matter pregnant with serious consequences; and fears were entertained that so rash a step would lead to explanations disagreeable to the foreign courts. No doubts however, arose, that the measure was owing to some very strong motives which might be pleaded in extenuation of so gross a violation of the law of nations; and that it was Bonaparte's intention to keep the young prince as an hostage. In a very short time, however, the motives were explained. Orders arrived for transferring the duke to Paris; but when he had arrived within 6 or 8 leagues of that capital, he found a body of guards in waiting, who conveyed him across the country to the Donjon de Vincennes. He reached this prison about eight in the evening, and as he had travelled from Strasburg without any intermission, he requested to be allowed to retire to rest. This request was granted; but two hours after, he was awakened, and commanded to appear before a military commission appointed to try him.

The president of this commission was one General Hulan, a man of such a ferocious nature, that he goes by the name of "the butcher of the consular guards." The trial occupied a very short space of time, it being, in every respect, a most

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exact imitation of those mock trials which disgraced the French nation, during the reign of terror. The indictment was read to the prince, every article of which he denied excepting his name, and the clause that related to his having fought against France, which he avowed and justified. After his replies had been heard, not to evidence (for neither a single witness, nor a scrap of written testimony was produced against him, as his judges, struck with horror at the crime they committed, no longer hesitate to avow), but to questions only that were put to him, he was directed to withdraw; and about an hour after, that is, between one and two o'clock in the morning, he was ordered to descend to the lower part of the prison. From this place, he followed the guard until he arrived at the entrance of the ditch, where, by the light of torches, he perceived soldiers drawn up with muskets near a hole which had been recently dug, and which was destined to be his grave. Startled at their appearance, he exclaimed, "I did not expect this; I insist on seeing the first consul." This was peremptorily refused, and he was commanded to be silent while his sentence was read. He then asked for a confessor, which was likewise refused, and he was desired to prepare for instant death. A handkerchief was presented to him to bind over his eyes, but he declined it, observing that he was a Frenchman, and knew how to die. He then placed himself in an erect posture in front of his executioners, and instantly fell on the side of his grave. Two soldiers, who refused to act in the murder, were shot on the following night for disobedience of orders.

The precipitation with which this atrocious murder was committed, was a mystery which no one, at the present moment, pretended to unravel. If the duke had been either a conspirator, or an accomplice of the persons accused of a design to assassinate the consul, he had a right to a public trial, like the principals. These had been juridically examined and committed for trial, if not according to the regular course of law before a jury, at least before the whole of the judges of the criminal courts; and if substantive evidence could not have been adduced against the prince, nothing was more easy than to have forged evidence, so as to give the murder the appearance of a regular proceeding. It is possible that something of this kind was intended; but an incident occurred during the interval of the duke's departure from Strasburg and his arrival at Vincennes, which decided his fate, and hastened the perpetration of the foul crime.

It has been stated, that when the expedition sent to arrest the duke left Strasburg, a courier was also dispatched with a letter from Bonaparte to the elector of Baden, at Carlsruhe. The duke was brought a prisoner to the citadel of Strasburg, before this courier could have delivered his dispatch. Its contents

were communicated by the elector to his son-in-law, the king of Sweden, then at Carlsruhe; who being apprehensive from the nature of the charge against the duke, that violence might be intended against him, from the impetuous and sanguinary disposition of the first consul, dispatched his aid-de-camp with all possible speed, with a letter for Bonaparte, in which he offered every security that might be desired for the duke, and praying that all further proceedings might be stopped until he had time to send further explanations. The aid-de-camp reached Strasburg with the utmost speed; but found that the duke had just left it, in consequence of a telegraphic order from Paris. "If he went this morning only," exclaimed the Swedish aide-de-camp, "I shall save him." The account of the aid-de-camp's arrival, the observation he made, and his instant departure for Paris, were communicated by the telegraph. This opposition to the consular will on the part of the king of Sweden was decisive. The duke was expected at the Temple, but a guard, as I have already related, intercepted his route, and conducted him to Vincennes. The aide-de-camp arrived at the Thuilleries with as much expedition as possible; but as the account of his journey had flown by the telegraph, he found on his arrival, that the horrid deed which he was commissioned to prevent, had been consummated.

The projected fate of the unfortunate youth was known at the Thuilleries, and very earnest remonstrances were made by the Corsican family (particularly by the female part) against a measure which was not only horrible in itself, but which could not fail of being followed by fatal consequences. Madame Bonaparte pleaded the cause of the prince with a warmth that did honour to her feelings. Finding her inexorable husband bent on the destruction of the young victim, she knelt repeatedly, and with tears implored him for mercy. She seized Bonaparte by the skirt of his coat, on his attempting to get away from her, while she was speechless from despair, and held him with convulsive grasp. In this way he dragged her through three of the apartments, and when near the door of his cabinet, he dashed her to the ground at one blow, with his foot, exclaiming with fury, "Death to those who dare oppose my will!" He then rushed into the cabinet, and remained invisible there, until a courier brought intelligence from Vincennes, that the murder had been committed.* The death of a Bourbon was a gratification

* A report was spread through Paris, that the duke of Berri was concealed in the hotel of Count Cobentzel. Bonaparte took the occasion, before a number of persons, to contradict this report. "Had I suspected," said he, "that M. de Cobentzel had concealed the duke of Berri, I should have ordered his house to have been searched; and

cation which his ferocious mind could not resist, though no motive can be assigned why this branch, the most remote from the crown, and which had given him no personal offence, should have been selected for a victim. Sufficient time elapsed between the appearance of the duke before the commission, and the execution of its sentence, for the dispatch of a messenger to the Thuilleries. The answer of immediate death was returned by the messenger, and the prince accordingly perished.

It is impossible to describe the horror which this tragedy excited in Paris. All ranks of men execrated it openly. The only person who was ignorant at the time, of the general sentiment, was the tyrant himself. His minions endeavoured to persuade him, that this signal stroke of justice had met with the approbation of the public; and his brother-in law, Murat, had the impudence to assure him, that the people were even *enchanted* with this vigorous display of power. Bonaparte, however, began to suspect at length, that the satisfaction was not so general, and expressed his astonishment that none of the constituted authorities had come to compliment him upon the event. The senate, and other bodies, had indeed sworn fealty and servitude to the despot; but a sense of shame prevented them from applauding the cold-blooded assassin. They were satisfied with being his accomplices in the establishment of their country's slavery, but were not equally anxious to share with him the honours of so foul a murder. Their silence infused into his mind, a momentary alarm for his popularity; but he received a more direct intimation from the people, on his first appearance at the public theatre after the execution. He was received with a solemn and death-like silence! On entering his box, he advanced and saluted the audience with an affected smile, an assumed air of complacency, which he had never shewn before. The crowded audience did not even deign to return his salute with the slightest notice. This feeling he could not resent; but he took care to avoid its repetition, by remaining until the theatre was emptied.

and had he been found, the duke should have been instantly shot, and the imperial minister should, over his body, have shared his fate, as an accomplice."

Some ACCOUNT *of* TOUSSAINT.

[From Rainsford's History of St. Domingo.]

TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE was born a slave in the year 1745, on the estate of the count de Noé, at a small distance from Cape Francois, in the northern province of St. Domingo, a spot since remarkable as the very source of revolution,

tion, and site of a camp, (that of Breda,) from whence its native general has issued mandates more powerful than those of any monarch on the earth.

While tending his master's flocks, the genius of Toussaint began to expand itself, by an attention towards objects beyond the reach of his comprehension; and without any other opportunity than was equally possessed by those around him who remained nearly in impenetrable ignorance, he learnt to read, write, and use figures. Encouraged by the progress he rapidly made in these arts, and fired with the prospect of higher attainments, he employed himself assiduously in the further cultivation of his talents. His acquirements, as is oftentimes the case, under such circumstances, excited the admiration of his fellow-slaves, and fortunately attracted the attention of the attorney, or manager of the estate, M. Bayou de Libertas. This gentleman, with a discrimination honourable to his judgment, withdrew Toussaint from the labour of the fields, to his own house, and began the amelioration of his fortune, by appointing him his postillion, an enviable situation among slaves, for its profit, and comparative respectability.

This instance of patronage by M. Bayon, impressed itself strongly on the susceptible mind of Toussaint. True genius and elevated sentiments are inseparable; the recollection of the most trivial action, kindly bestowed in obscurity, or under the pressure of adverse circumstances, warms the heart of sensibility, even in the hour of popular favour, more than the proudest honours. This truth was exemplified by the subsequent gratitude of Toussaint towards his master. He continued to deserve and to receive promotion, progressively, to offices of considerable confidence.

Among other traits fondly preserved in St. Domingo of the conduct of Toussaint, during the early period of his life, are his remarkable benevolence toward the brute creation, and an unconquerable patience. Of the former, many instances are related which evince a mind endued with every good quality. He knew how to avail himself so well of the sagacity of the horse, as to perform wonders with that animal, without those cruel methods used to extort from them the docility exhibited in Europe; he was frequently seen musing amongst the different cattle, seeming to hold a species of dumb converse, which they evidently understood, and produced in them undoubted marks of attention. They knew and manifested their acquaintance, whenever he appeared; and he has been frequently seen attending with the anxiety of a nurse, any accident which had befallen them; the only instance in which he could be roused to irritation, was when a slave had revenged the punishment he received from his owner, upon his harmless and unoffending cattle. Proverbial became his patience, insomuch that it was a

favourite amusement of the young and inconsiderate upon the same estate to endeavour to provoke him by wanton tricks and affected malignity. But so perfectly he had regulated his temper, that he constantly answered with a meek smile, and accounted for their conduct by such means, as would render it strictly pardonable. To the law of self-preservation, or the misfortune of not knowing the delight of philanthrophy, he would attribute an act of brutal selfishness; while he imputed to a momentary misapprehension, an inclination to rude and malicious controversy. Thus was his passive disposition never in the smallest degree affected, being ready on all occasions to conciliate and to bear, in circumstances whether frivolous or of the highest importance.

At the age of twenty-five, Toussaint attached himself to a female of similar character to his own, and their union, cemented by marriage, which does not appear to have been violated, conferred respectability on their offspring. Still he continued a slave; nor did the goodness of M. Bayou, although it extended to render him as happy as the state of servitude would admit, ever contemplate the manumission of one who was to become a benefactor to him and his family. Such is the effect of ancient prejudice, in obscuring the highest excellence of our nature; he who would perform godlike actions without hesitation, from any other cause, shrinks from a breach of etiquette, or a violation of custom!

In the comforts of a situation, possessing a degree of opulence, Toussaint found leisure to extend the advantages of his early acquisitions, and by the acquaintance of some priests, who possessed little more of the character than the name, acquired the knowledge of new sources of information, and a relish for books of a superior order than first attracted his attention; the author of whom he became the most speedily enamoured, was the Abbé Raynal, on whose history and speculations in philosophy and politics he was intent for weeks together, and never quitted, but with an intention to return with renewed and additional pleasure. A French translation of Epictetus for a time confined him to its doctrines, which he often quoted; but he soon sought higher food for his capacious mind, and found in a portion of the ancient historians, the summit of his wishes. He was there seen studiously consulting the opinion of those who teach the conduct of empires, or the management of war; yet, he neglected not those who aim to harmonize the mind, and teach man himself; the only difference in his habits imbibing these treasures created, was, an external polish, which imparted an uncommon grace to his manners.

Thus proceeded this illustrious man: like the simple acorn, first promiscuously scattered by the winds, in its slow but beauteous progress to the gigantic oak, spreading its foliage with au-

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gust grandeur, above the minor growth of the forest, defending the humble shrub, and braving the fury of contending elements.

Continuing on the estate on which he was born, when the deliberations preceding the actual rebellion of the slaves were taking place upon the plantation of Noé, the opinion of him who was always regarded with esteem and admiration was solicited. His sanction was of importance, as he had a number of slaves under his command, and a general influence over his fellow-negroes. Among the leaders of this terrible revolt were several of his friends, who he had deemed worthy to make his associates for mutual intelligence; yet, from whatever cause is not ascertained, he forbore, in the first instance, to join in the contest of liberty. It is probable, that his manly heart revolted from cruelties attendant on the first burst of revenge in slaves about to retaliate their wrongs and sufferings on their owners. He saw that the innocent would suffer with the guilty; and that the effects of revolution regarded future more than present justice. When the cloud charged with electric fluid becomes too ponderous, it selects not the brooding murderer on the barren heath, but bursts, perhaps, indiscriminately, in wasteful vengeance, over innocent flocks reposing in verdant fields.

There were ties which connected Toussaint more strongly than the consideration of temporary circumstances. These were, gratitude for the benefits received from his master, and generosity to those who were about to fall, not merely beneath the stroke of the assassin, for that relief from their sufferings was not to be allowed to all, but likewise the change of situations of luxury and splendour, to an exile of danger, contempt, and poverty, with all the miseries such a reverse can accumulate.

Toussaint prepared for the emigration of M. Bayou de Libertas, as if he had only to remove, for his pleasure, to the American continent. He found means to embark produce that should form a useful provision for the future; procured his escape with his family, and contrived every plan for his convenience: nor did his care end here, for after M. Bayou's establishment in safety at Baltimore, in Maryland, he availed himself of every opportunity to supply any conceived deficiency, and, as he rose in circumstances, to render those of his *protege* more qualified to his situation, and equal to that warm remembrance of the services he owed him, which would never expire.

(To be concluded in our next).

CLERICAL LIBERALITY.

THE present bishop of Elphin [Dr. Law.] on coming to the see, found a renewal of a lease, on a fine of 3000l. unsigned.

signed. The late bishop's sudden death had prevented it. His lordship signed it, and immediately sent the family of his predecessor the fine.

FASHIONS *for* JANUARY, 1806.

Court Dresses.

A Petticoat of jonquil satin, embroidered all round the bottom with silver rays, pointing upward from a silver fringe, headed with a braid of bright purple velvet; a drapery of silver net, ornamented on the right side with wreaths of purple velvet flowers, and on the left, drawn up over bouquets of the same; the body and train purple velvet, spangled with silver; round the train a silver fringe, headed with a braid of jonquil satin; sleeves of jonquil, with epaulettes of silver net, and bracelets of purple, adorned with brilliants; cestus to correspond with the dress; a tucker of broad lace net, looped down in graceful folds to diamond buttons. The hair, part in falling ringlets, and part confined in puffs by bandeaus of purple velvet, richly adorned with brilliants, and drawn together on the left side by a bow of the same, which also fastens a white plume.

A puckered white satin petticoat, fringed with gold, and ornamented with a drapery of gold net; train of white satin, embroidered and fringed with gold; sleeves and body white; cestus, bracelets, and round the bosom an embroidery of gold, intermixed with pearls. The head adorned with a bird of Paradise plume, and rows or chains of pearls, with tassels, as supported by the beak of the bird, on the left side.

A bright carnation velvet body and petticoat, the latter fringed with ostrich feathers, headed with chenille, both white; a drapery of white satin, edged with a wreath of small feather flowers, drawn up on one side with chains and tassels of chenille: and on the other, passing over the petticoat in folds, confined by wreaths of feather flowers; the train white satin, covered with a net of carnation chenille, and fringed like the petticoat; a fold of white satin looped down by chenille round the bosom; also a chain and tassels of white chenille for the waist. The head adorned with diamonds and plumes according to fancy; bouquets of gems, or natural flowers.

Full Dresses.

Body, long sleeves, and train; petticoat of white satin; a border of carnation, blue, jonquil, or any other good candlelight colour ribbon, edged with sable or swansdown, round the

petticoat; a robe the colour of the border, and edged, to match; clasps in two points at the bosom, and sloped back under the arm; the sleeves very short, and the robe, rounded, reaches from the back nearly to the ground. A turban of satin the colour of the robe, ornamented with pearls or diamonds, or of white satin, adorned with coloured beads or gems.

A train dress of dark brown satin, bordered round the bosom, and the petticoat of vandyke points of jonquil satin, edged with silver or swansdown; short slashed sleeves with puffs to match the points. A small jonquill satin puckered hat, ornamented with silver, pearls, or diamonds, and feathers; the hair in curls on the neck and forehead. This dress may be varied according to fancy; but its beauty entirely depends on the robe and points being contrasted with taste.

A very long trained robe of white satin, folds over the bosom, and is embroidered round the bottom with oak and laurel, intertwined in green foil or velvet; a cestus to match, clasped with a medallion, representing naval trophies; the sleeves short and full drawn up in the middle, with a medallion to correspond. The hair in twisted bandeaus, fastened to an anchor of brilliants; three feathers, and the colours of the British flag.

Ball Dresses.

Short petticoat and sleeves of white satin; a body and border round the petticoat, any dark colour velvet, spotted with silver.

Sleeves and petticoat of satin, any bright full colour, covered with a white chenille net, spangled at every knot, and fringed with silver; a body of black velvet, spangled down the seams and round the bosom; bouquets of natural flowers; the hair in ringlets, partially confined by light bandeaus or ornamented combs. Short waists. Dresses of a decent height round the neck, and just full enough to let the train flow gracefully. Gem and bead ornaments universally worn in evening dresses.

Dresses for Walking and Morning Visits.

Velvet or satin pelisses, black or coloured, bordered or flounced with very broad black lace; small helmet bonnets, colour to match the pelisse, with a wreath of black or white ostrich feathers passing round the crown, and over it from the front, the end of the wreath hanging loose from the back; underdress white muslin, short petticoat, a short handkerchief, lace frill falling over a neckcloth of fine muslin, tied in a small bow, with laced ends.

A spencer body with long sleeves, and a short petticoat of silver grey satin, trimmed with two rows of sable or swansdown; shirt or neckcloth, as before mentioned; nankeen half boots, laced up, and bound with garter blue. A bonnet of gar-

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ter blue velvet, narrow brim, turned up all round, a low crown, rather loose, confined by a braid of silver grey, garter blue and blue ribbons; a rose of the same fastens a single waving ostrich feather, or a plume on the left side, feathers white. A shawl four yards long, one side wraps over the bosom, and passing from behind under the left arm, is thrown over the shoulder, hanging down with a long end. The shawl, if of English or of Scotch manufactory, should be plaid, with a distinct border of thistles. This dress is peculiarly becoming to a graceful figure.

Equestrian Dress.

A dark colour of scarlet velvet habit and petticoat, with a narrow embroidery of gold or silver; a beaver round hat, turned up in front, with a splendid button and loop, and a handsome plume; or a hussar cap of velvet to match the habit, with a small poke; the crown, not too high, adorned with a military feather and cords and tassels.

ANECDOTES *of* CAPTAIN ROTHERAM.

As it has been said that every Briton concerned in the memorable battle off Trafalgar was a hero, there can be nothing uninteresting that relates to any character conspicuous among such heroes; we have therefore much pleasure in giving the following particulars respecting Captain Rotheram, who commanded the Royal Sovereign on that glorious occasion.

Captain Rotheram is a Northumbrian by birth, and was born at Hexham, not at Newcastle. His father, more than forty years ago, removed from Hexham to Newcastle, where he lived many years senior physician of the infirmary, in high estimation, both as a medical practitioner and a man of general science. Captain Rotheram's eldest brother, Dr. John Rotheram, was educated at the high school in Newcastle, and studied physic and natural philosophy under Linnæus, at Upsal. He attended that illustrious man in his last illness. Dr. Rotheram resided at Turnham Green, about 15 years ago, and conducted The Monthly Review, of which the late Dr. Griffiths was the ostensible proprietor and editor; and he died last year professor of natural philosophy in the university of St. Andrew's, in North Britain. Captain Rotheram was early instructed in mathematical learning by his father and Dr. Hutton, then of Newcastle, now an ornament of his country in the Royal Military College at Woolwich.

The captain acquired practical navigation in the same school which bred Captain Cooke, the circumnavigator—the coal

trade; and, entering the navy, he served the whole of the American war, chiefly in the squadron commanded by Admiral Barrington. Many of our first-rate officers were Barringtonians in early life, and are, to a man, skilful in naval tactics.

Captain Rotheram was first-lieutenant of the Culloden, in the memorable battle won by Lord Howe, and commanded the French ship La Vengeur, as long as she could swim, saving the lives of many poor fellows when she sunk. So far from her crew having gone down crying "*Vive la republique*," as was falsely asserted in France, they laboured under the greatest depression of spirits, and clung round the knees of Captain Rotheram, after their own commander had quitted the ship, which he knew could not be kept long above water; and which, there is every reason in the world to believe, he expected and hoped would carry Captain Rotheram and the party who had taken possession to the bottom. In the moment of the ship's sinking, Rotheram's self-possession and intrepidity were remarkably displayed, on which occasion he was made master and commander. He was made post-captain in 1800. During the latter part of last war he commanded the Lapwing, of 28 guns.

In the Royal Sovereign he had a glorious opportunity of evincing both his seamanship and bravery; and he acted a part worthy of himself. At one moment, in the battle of the 21st of October, there was not a person left alive on the quarter-deck, except the vice-admiral and the captain. Except in the engagement with the Dutch Admiral De Winter, he bore a part in all the principal battles of last war. Captain Rotheram is arrived at Plymouth, in the command of the Bellerophon.

MEMOIRS *of the late* LORD NELSON.

(Continued from Page 10.*)*

SIR HORATIO, as rear-admiral of the blue, carried the blue flag at the mizen of the Vanguard; but from a standing order of Sir John Jervis, the commander in chief, the squadron wore the white, or St. George's ensign, in the action; and it is remarkable that this occasioned the display of the cross upon the renowned and ancient coast of Egypt. A most animated fire was opened from the Vanguard, which ship covered the approach of those in the rear; in a few minutes every man stationed at the first six guns in the fore part of this ship's deck were all down, killed or wounded; and one gun in particular, was repeatedly cleared. Sir Horatio was so entirely resolved to conquer or to perish in the attempt, that he led into the action, with

with six ensigns or flags, viz. red, white, and blue, flying in different parts of the rigging; he could not even bear to reflect on the possibility of his colours being carried away by a random shot from the enemy.

The Minotaur, Defence, Bellerophon, Majestic, Swiftsure, and Alexander, came up in succession; and Captain Thompson, of the Leander, making up in seamanship for the deficiency of a fifty-gun ship in point of metal, dropped her anchor athwart the hawse of Le Franklin, an eighty-gun ship, in such a masterly manner, as to annoy both her and L'Orient.

Notwithstanding the darkness that soon ensued, Le Guerrier was dismasted in the course of a few minutes, while the twilight yet remained; Le Conquerant and Le Spartiate were also soon reduced to a similar state; three more, L'Aquilon, Le Souverain Peuple, and Le Spartiate, surrendered; soon after which the admiral's ship, L'Orient, was discovered to be on fire, and the flames burst forth with such rapidity, that great apprehensions were entertained not only for her safety, but also that of such ships of the British fleet as were in her immediate vicinity.

Sir Horatio Nelson, who had retired below in consequence of a wound received during the action, no sooner received intelligence of this alarming event, than he came upon the deck, and, with that inborn humanity which is the best characteristic of a hero, bethought him of the most likely means to save the lives of as many of the enemy as possible. The only boat in a condition to swim was therefore immediately dispatched from the admiral's ship, and the commanders of others followed the example; about seventy lives were saved; and many more would have been rescued from death, had not the vessel alluded to blown up suddenly with a most tremendous explosion.

In the mean time the firing continued, with the interval of this awful moment only excepted; and the victory having been now secured in the van, such ships as were not disabled bore down upon those of the enemy that had not been in the engagement.

When the dawn developed the scene of this terrible conflict, only two sail of the line* were discovered with their colours flying, all the rest having struck their ensigns! These, conscious of their danger, together with two frigates, cut their cables in the course of the morning, and stood out to sea.

After this signal victory, the victorious commander lost no time in returning thanks to the Supreme Being for his success. He accordingly issued the following notice:

"MEMORANDUM.

* Le Guilliaume Tell and Le Genereux.

"MEMORANDUM.

"To the Officers of the Squadron.

"*Vanguard, off the Mouth of the Nile, August* 2, 1798.

"Almighty God having blessed his majesty's arms with victory, the admiral intends returning public thanks for the same at two o'clock this day, and recommends every ship doing the same as soon as convenient."

Public service was accordingly performed on the quarter-deck, the other ships following the example of the admiral.

On the same day he addressed the following circular letter to the captains under him, fully expressive of his approbation of their conduct:

"*Vanguard, off the Mouth of the Nile, August* 2, 1798.

"The admiral most heartily congratulates the captains, officers, seamen, and marines, of the squadron he has had the honour to command, on the event of the late action; and he desires they will accept his most sincere and cordial thanks for their very gallant behaviour in this glorious battle. It must strike forcibly every British seaman how superior their conduct is, when in discipline and good order, to the riotous behaviour of lawless Frenchmen.

"The squadron may be assured the admiral will not fail, with his dispatches, to represent their truly meritorious conduct, in the strongest terms, to the commander-in-chief.

"*To the Captains of the Ships of the Squadron.*"

The Arabs and Mamalukes, who during this battle had lined the shores of the bay, saw with transport, the result—indeed they participated, says an officer, with an exultation equal to our own; and on that, and on the two following nights, the whole coast and country were illuminated, in celebration of the victory.

The bay of Aboukir was covered for a week with the floating bodies of the slain, exhibiting a dreadful and awful spectacle to the contemplative mind; and though men were continually employed to sink them, many of the bodies having slipped off the shot, re-appeared on the surface. Considerable apprehensions of a pestilential disorder were entertained by the troops on shore, from this circumstance, added to the excessive heat of the weather, at the time.

The work entitled Public Characters, 1798—1799, contains the following just tribute to the talents of Lord Nelson; partly from a consideration of its strengthening the propriety of the Latin motto which precedes this memoir.—"It is not in the

conduct of a fleet alone, that Lord Nelson is seen to advantage. There appears to be something of the statesman in him, as well as of the commander. After the battle of the Nile, he did that which Pompey, after the battle of Dirrachium, and the Christian confederates after that of Lepanto omitted to do, and suffered for their omission; he made the best use of his victory. The British government in India had taken the alarm at the progress of the French in the Mediterranean. Immediately after the action, the admiral dispatched a messenger overland to Bombay, with intelligence of the victory. He also communicated the news to the principal cabinets of the continent, and revived their drooping spirits. He left Commodore Trowbridge upon the coast of Egypt, with six sail of the line, to burn the enemy's transports, and to intercept their succours; and he took possession of an island in the enemy's van, fortified with mortars and cannon, which had considerably annoyed his fleet in action." As some reward for the valour and discretion displayed by the admiral on this occasion, his sovereign bestowed on him the honours of the peerage, by the title of Baron Nelson, of Thorpe, in the county of Norfolk, and of the Nile.

The news of the battle of the Nile, caused the greatest sensation throughout Europe: the emperor of Germany broke off the conference at Rastadt for peace, and the Ottoman Porte declared war against the French. In England, the victory was celebrated by means of bonfires and illuminations; while the king and both houses of parliament rivalled each other in their desire of shewing their sense of the services of our triumphant fleet and its gallant chief. A pension of 2000l. per annum was voted Lord Nelson and his two next successors in the title. Soon after the achievement of this great victory, the admiral sailed for Naples, where he arrived on the 22d of September, 1798, and was hailed as a deliverer. The king and queen exhibited the most unequivocal marks of esteem and regard; the former presented him with a sword, most magnificently enriched with diamonds, valued at 5000l. and conferred on him the title of duke of Bronte, annexing to it the feud of Bronte, worth about 5000l. per annum.

Even the grand signior, anxious to shew his esteem and gratitude, directed a purse of 2000 zequins to be distributed among the British seamen, wounded in the battle, and presented the noble admiral with a diamond aigrette or plume of triumph; as also a rich pelisse, worth a thousand pounds; the grand signior's mother, added to these a rose set with diamonds, of equal value. On the arrival of the Russian squadron at Naples, Admiral Nelson directed Commodore Trowbridge to go with the squadron, and closely blockade Civitta Vecchia, and to offer the French favourable terms, provided they evacuated that place and Rome, which General Grenier, the French commander, gladly

gladly acceding to, the treaty was signed on board the Culloden: a prophecy made to Lord Nelson, on his arrival at Naples, was by this circumstance actually fulfilled, viz. "that he should take Rome by his ships."

(To be continued.)

An ANECDOTE.

HUME is generally allowed to have been of the most unassuming manners and gentle disposition. Mackenzie, the elegant and amiable author of the Man of Feeling, describing Hume in a borrowed character, says, that of all the men with whom he ever conversed, this writer was most free from egotistic arrogance and argumentative petulance. One subject, however, was too powerful for his singular forbearance. Hume was a Scot, and though the chief professed object of his labours was the annihilation of prejudice, his partiality for the "north country" superseded every suggestion of his moderation and good sense. The late Lord Lyttleton, when dining in his company at Ragley, the residence of Lord Hertford, very innocently asked him "At what time of the year the harvest was housed in Scotland?" All the tranquillity of the philosopher was dissipated on the instant. His jealous imagination figured the inquirer as wishing to insinuate that there was no harvest, or at least, that no barns were requisite in the land of the North Britons, and he replied in a strain of high offence and displeasure.

Method of preserving Mushrooms Dry.

ONE of the French journals makes mention of a discovery for preserving mushrooms dry, without deforming them. The author lives in a sandy district of the department of La Vendee, where downs are formed, which frequently shift their place. In traversing one of these downs, on foot, he stumbled on some mushrooms that lay buried under the sand, and which he found had preserved their original form. He immediately made a collection of them, and perceived that they underwent no alteration afterwards; in fact they served him for an hydrometer: and it should be remarked, that, if they soften in moist weather, they recover their hardness in dry weather: and as every principle of vegetation has become extinct, their form does not alter either by wrinkles or putrefaction. In imitating the process of nature, the author of this discovery observes, that he dries mushrooms in a stove of sand moderately heated.

Natural History of the American Cock-Roach.

THE *blatta Americana of Linnæus*, one of the most loathsome of all insects, swarms in most hot climates in the western parts of the world. They are so flat that they creep into every chest or drawer where they can find the least crevice. They gnaw woollen cloths of every description, but especially such as have had hair-powder on them. What is very remarkable, they will not touch silk of any kind. They frequently throw off their exterior skin; and after every change of this they appear fresh and young.—Browne's Civil and Natural History of Jamaica, p. 433.

The Americans know this species by the name of kakkerlac. It is sometimes brought over alive amongst clothes or merchandize in vessels, from the West Indies into Europe. In the houses of many parts of America they often commit great depredations, from the immensity of their numbers, in gnawing and devouring both clothes and provisions, and it is extremely difficult to guard against the ravages of these destructive insects. —With respect to provisions, every thing that they run over contracts from them so nauseous a smell as to render them scarcely eatable.

According to the observations of Reaumur, these cock-roaches have a most formidable enemy in a large species of sphex. He says, that when one of these spheges encounters a cock-roach, it seizes it by the head, pierces its body with its poisonous sting, and afterwards carries it off into its hole. In this it has deposited its eggs, and the bodies of the cock-roaches serve the larvæ for food, 'till they are able to attain their winged state.—Histoirie Naturelle des Insectes, par Tigny, vol. v. p. 22.

REFLECTION.

THERE is nothing more humane than to alleviate the distresses of the poor, whose comforts are not too numerous, even when surrounded by beneficence.

A QUESTION, *by Paulus.*

YE gents. of Langdon's page, your skill pray try,
To find the values both of x and y:
Where x will shew my age, and y my wife's,
When we shook hands as partners for our lives.

$$\left.\begin{aligned} x^2y+xy^2 &= 19608 \\ x^3+y^3 &= 20683 \end{aligned}\right\}$$ To be solved by a simple equation.

Answer, by W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey, to R. Perring's Rebus, inserted November 4.

HECTOR's the hero brought to view,
Which is your rebus, so adieu!

☞ We have received a similar answer from T. Bullock, of St. Columb.

Answer, by J. Woodman, Jun. of North Curry, to P. Gove's Enigma, inserted November 4.

ON the soft PILLOW we repose,
And calmly lock up all our woes.

*** Similar answers have been received from Adrianus; T. Bullock, of Columb; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; T. V. of Coombe; H. Glasson, of Crowan; and T. Coumbe, of St. German's.

Answer, by Adrianus, to T. Jarvis's Charade, inserted November 11.

O! that with man HATRED was never found,
Accurs'd of evils! which on earth abound.

*** We have received the like answers from W. Bickham, jun. of Ashburton; T. Bullock, of St. Columb; T. Coumbe, of St. German's; J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; T. Gill, officer of excise near Wells; R. Perring, of Kingsbridge; P. Gove, of Exeter; W. Varcoe, of Mevagissey; and P. Ninnis, of Tavistock.

A CHARADE, *by W. Bickham, Jun. of Ashburton.*

OFT when my first from pole to pole doth shine,
The watch's motion brings my next to mind:
But O! what horror then must seize the soul,
And fill the bosom of my troubled whole.

A CHARADE, *by R. Perring, of Kingsbridge.*

A Game at which great numbers play,
Ingenious youths, I'd wish you say:
My next is swimming in the sea,
Bring it to sight without delay:
Both parts combine, you'll bring to sight,
A sport in which the clowns delight.

An ENIGMA.

I Was always well known, and belov'd so in Rome,
That nobles and emp'rors made me their home.
My belly's my pride, which was once richly fed,
When a hero was slain, or a potentate dead:
'Tis really a fact, tho' surprising to think,
In King George's time I've liv'd upon drink;
In the morning I'm seen, and at dinner unknown,
But long before supper again I am shown.
Tho' in Rome so renown'd, and was their last friend,
Now to China I do my great services lend.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

BEAUTY'S SMILE.

AT beauty's shrine I humbly wait,
To pay my faithful homage there;
Resolv'd to shun the scourge of fate,
And blunt the venom'd barb of care.

Ah! who can beauty's smile disdain,
Or check the flame of soft desire?
Ah! who can scorn the thrilling pain
Which woman's magic charms inspire?

Whilst some in dull indifference pine,
Or sip the stream which Bacchus pours;
The nectar of the lip be mine—
The sigh of her my soul adores.

These, as the varying seasons roll,
These only shall my hours beguile;
For what can charm the pensive soul
Like beauty's love-inspiring smile.

HENRY.

The History of Cock Robin, or the Boulogne Bulletin.

A Little cock-robin was bred up in France
Beneath her new eagle's fond wing;
And the gay little urchin, to fence and to dance
Was taught, and to worship the goddess of chance,
And the praise of its patron to sing.

And, in process of time (for its talents and lore
Did still with its stature expand)
It obtain'd a commission on sea, or on shore,
And at Boulogne it now, as a bold *commodore*,
Can both cock-boats and gun-boats command.

T'other day it fell out, at this very same port,
Where Robin makes such a grand show,
Some news from the Corsican's camp, or his court,
Arriv'd, which our hero thought excellent sport—
'Twas poor General Mack's overthrow!

Cried he, "If to Owen, whose vigilant art
"Keeps me coop'd like a bird in a cage,
"This intelligence could I but *safely* impart,
"Methinks it would cut the proud tar to the heart,
"And quiz him quite into a rage.

"Eh! yes, I've a scheme that will answer my end—
"Let a *cock-boat* be brought alongside—
"Make haste! let a bulletin quickly be penn'd,
"Which, happen what may, in the boat I will send,
"And away it shall drift with the tide."

O gallant cock-robin! what pity that you,
With your note, did not send out your fleet—
Why, man! when *one frigate* was only in view,
You soon might have gain'd a grand victory too—
And poor Owen been shamefully beat!

HAFIZ.

The BLIND LOVER *to his* MISTRESS.

By LAURA SOPHIA TEMPLE.

AH! let me hear again that mellow strain,
That dulcet trill, whose soft and lucid sweep
Steals o'er my trembling soul like gale of eve,
That o'er the world of waters steals its wing,
Wakening the sea-wave. Thus let thy sweet song
Wake the now slumbering waves of pausing thought,
And thro' my secret heart pour the rich tide
Of mem'ry's flood. Let the fair shades arise
Of buried hours; let ev'ry witching charm
That fancy weaves, hang on thy quiv'ring note,
And speak of raptures past, and yet to come.
What tho' to me are veil'd the living morn,
And gay luxuriance of woodland bloom;
Tho' spring steps forth to wander o'er the wild,
Yet passes me without one sunny smile:
Tho' moon, nor stars, nor all the beamy train
That gem the blue serene, ere hang their lamps
To bless these rayless orbs—yet am I bless'd
Beyond their power of blessing. Muse my heart
O'er all thy treasures! O! with a miser's care
Brood o'er the rich amount! Weep tears of joy
To think thou'rt monarch o'er a world of love.
Yes, she is mine! She chose me from the throne;
Me, whom the frown of fate forbade to drink
The rapture-swimming light of beauty's glance,
Forbade to pour the deep and lengthen'd gaze
Of tenderness—forbade to fondly dwell
On ev'ry gentle waving line of grace
That marks that angel form—the seraph smile,
The warm and mantling tinge, the sunny locks
That break in wild profusion o'er the brow,
Throwing their soften'd shade—to me are lost.
I only hear thou'rt fair—from others hear
Of all the bright perfections of thy face:
Yet can I inward look, and view thee there,
Glowing in all the finer charms of mind.
There will I gaze, there dwell in witching trance,
On all thy truth, and singleness of heart.
Ah! lead me, dear one! to the craggy steep,
For now the sea-gale hurries o'er its brow
On fresh'ning wing; and o'er the upland scene
Steals the soft veil of eve. Let airs of heav'n
Bathe my faint form—and thou, beloved,
Give to my soul again the light of song.

NATURAL CAUSE FOR ORATORY.

JACK once ask'd a friend, "Don't you think I speak well,"
Tho' I ne'er take a book from the shelf?
"How this talent you've gain'd," says his friend, "I can't tell,
"But I own you speak well—of yourself."